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WILLIAM FAY, EDITOR.

MISCELLANY.

THE CAMP MEETING.

FROM CAPT. HARRATT'S DIARY.

I was informed that a camp meeting was to be held about seven miles from Cincinnati, and anxious to verify the accounts I had heard of them, I availed myself of this opportunity of satisfying myself. We proceeded about five miles on the high road, and then diverged by a cross road until we arrived at a steep conical hill, crowned with splendid forest trees being sufficiently apart to admit of wagons and other vehicles to pass in every direction. The camp was raised upon the summit of this hill, a piece of table land comprising many acres. About an acre and a half was surrounded on the four sides by cabins built of rough boards, the whole area in the centre was fitted up with planks, laid about a foot from the ground, as seats. At one end, but not close to the cabins, was a raised stand, which served as a pulpit for the preachers, one of them praying, while five or six others sat down behind him on benches. There was ingress to the area by the four corners; the whole of which was shaded by vast forest trees, which ran up to the height of fifty or sixty feet without throwing out a branch; and to the trunks of these were fixed lamps in every direction for the continuance of service by night. Outside the area which may be designated as the church, were hundreds of tents pitched in every quarter, their snowy whiteness contrasting beautifully with the deep verdure and gloom of the forest. These were the temporary habitations of those who had come many miles to attend the meeting, and who remained there from the commencement until it concluded—usually, a period of from ten to twelve days but often much longer. The tents were furnished with every article necessary for cooking; mattresses to sleep upon, &c., some of them even had bedsteads and chests of drawers, which had been brought in the wagons, in which the people in this country usually travel. At a farther distance were all the wagons and other vehicles which had conveyed the people to the meeting, whilst hundreds of horses were tethered under the trees and plentifully provided with forage. Such were the general outlines of a most interesting and beautiful scene.

Where, indeed, could so magnificent a temple to the Lord be raised as on this lofty hill, crowned as it was with such majestic verdure. Compared with these giants of the forest, the cabins and tents of the multitude appeared as insignificant as almost would man himself in the presence of the Deity. Many generations of men must have been mowed down before the arrival of these enormous trees to their present state of maturity; and at the time they sent forth their first shoots, probably there were not on the whole of this continent, now teeming with millions, as many white men as are now assembled on this field. I walked about for some time viewing the panorama, when I returned to the area, and took my seat upon a bench. In one quarter the colored population had collected themselves; their tents appeared to be better furnished and better supplied with comforts than most of those belonging to the whites. I put my head into one of the tents, and discovered a sable damsel lying on a bed, and singing hymns in a loud voice; the major portion of those not in the area were cooking the dinners. Fires were burning in every direction; pots boiling, chickens roasting, hams seething; indeed there appeared to be no want of creature comforts.

But the trumpet sounded, as in days of yore, as a signal that the service was about to recommence, and I went into the area and took my seat. One of the preachers rose and gave out the hymn, which was sung by the congregation, amounting to about seven or eight hundred. After the singing of the hymn was concluded, he commenced an extempore sermon; it was good sound doctrine, and, although Methodism, of the mildest tone, and divested of its bitterness of denunciation, as indeed is generally the case with Methodism in America, I heard nothing which could be offensive to any other sect, or which could be considered objectionable by the most orthodox, and I began to doubt whether such scenes as had been described to me did really take place at these meetings. A prayer followed, and after about two hours, the congregation were dismissed to their dinners, being first informed that the service would recommence at two o'clock at the sound of the trumpet. In front of the pulpit there was a space raised off, and strewn with straw, which I was told was the Anxious Seat, and on which sat those who were touched by their consciences, or the discourse of the preacher; but, although there were several sitting on it, I did not perceive any emotion on the part of the occupants; they were attentive—nothing more.

When I first examined the area, I saw a large tent at one corner of it, probably fifty feet long by twenty wide. It was open at the end, and, being full of straw, I concluded it was a sleeping place for those who had not provided themselves with separate

accommodation. About an hour after the service was over, perceiving many people directing their steps towards it, I followed them. On one side of the tent were about twenty females, mostly young, squatted down on the straw; on the other a few men; in the centre was a long form, against which were some other men devoutly kneeling, as if occupied in prayer. Gradually the numbers increased; girl after girl dropped down upon the straw on one side, and men on the other. At last an elderly man gave out a hymn, which was sung with peculiar energy; then another knelt down in the centre, and commenced a prayer, shutting his eyes, (as I observed most clergymen in the United States do when they pray) and raising his hands above his head; then another burst into prayer, and another followed him; then their voices became all confused together; and then were heard the more silvery tones of woman's supplication. As the din increased so did their enthusiasm; handkerchiefs were raised to bright eyes, and sobs were intermingled with prayers and ejaculations. It had become a scene of Babel; more than twenty men and women were crying out at the top of their voices and trying apparently to be heard above the others. Every minute the excitement increased; some wrung their hands and called for mercy; some tore their hair; boys laid down, crying bitterly, with their heads buried in the straw; there was sobbing to suffocation, and hysterics, and deep agony. One young man clung to the form, crying: "Satan tears at me, but I would hold fast. Help, help, he drags me down!" It was a scene of horrible agony and despair; and when it was at its height, one of the preachers came in, and raising his voice high above the tumult, intreated the Lord to receive into his fold those who now repented and would fain return. Another of the ministers knelt down by some young men, whose faces were covered up, and who appeared to be almost in a state of phrenzy; and putting his hands upon them, poured forth an energetic prayer, well calculated to work upon their over excited feelings. Groans, ejaculations, broken sobs, frantic motions, and convulsions succeeded; some fell on their backs with their eyes closed, waving their hands with a slow motion, and crying out, "Glory, glory, glory!" I quitted the spot, and hastened away into the forest, for the sight was too painful, too melancholy. Its sincerity could not be doubted, but it was the effect of over-excitement, not of sober reasoning. Could such violence of feeling have been produced, had each party retired to commune alone? Most surely not. It was a fever produced by collision and contact, of the same nature as that which stimulates a mob to deeds of blood and horror.

"THE HUNTER'S LODGES."

The Oswego Commercial Herald gives the following history of these organizations which have been represented to John Bull as so formidable:

There is one thing that has led to great error of opinion in Canada, in relation to our people, that deserves brief explanation. The leading agitators of the Canadian troubles, got up during the last season, the 'Hunter's Society,' and formed lodges at the principal places on both sides of the line. These lodges were open to all who wished to join, and immediately became objects of much public curiosity and speculation, it being on the eve of an exciting and important election, they of course attracted the notice of politicians of all parties, and every body went to see what was in a 'Hunter's Lodge,' which was found to be very like the London show of 'a horse with his head where his tail should be.' They became so public that there were in fact no secrets to be kept. There was no principle avowed in these lodges, no particular object appeared, and the obligation imposed nothing more than secrecy, and that the candidate should be true to the cause of liberty throughout the world, to which every body, of course was ready to subscribe. The spies of the Canadian government became members and entered the lodges whenever they pleased, and although the proceedings were conducted without form or dignity, an officer of the meeting took down the names of all who entered, whereby these spies ascertained the number enrolled in all the different lodges between Vermont and Michigan. When they came to make up the aggregate number of members, they reported to Sir Geo. Arthur an army of forty or fifty thousand men already raised for the invasion of Canada. The report produced great alarm in Canada, and Gov. Arthur caused the information to be immediately communicated to the government at Washington, and went to making correspondent preparations for defence. He called out the militia, and brought into the field an aggregate force of near forty thousand men. A greater hoax was never played off, than this report to Sir George Arthur, which must have cost the British government more than a million of dollars, and led the Canadian people into the great error of believing that our whole population were enlisted against them, and bent on the conquest of Canada.

More than one half of those whose names were enrolled in the Hunter's lodges, never attended a second meeting, and all right thinking men abandoned the lodges the very moment they discovered the real object to be, to promote illegal movements from this side of the line. No formidable force could be mustered by this association, as the sequel shows that the whole invading force raised by the Hunters which actually crossed at Prescott and Windsor were less than 400 men.—*Jour. Com.*

DEATH BY HYDROPHOBIA.—The N. Y. Commercial gives the following account of a melancholly case of hydrophobia which recently occurred in that city:

In April last a lad named Richard T. Jeter, 16 years of age, received while playing with a dog, a bite on the thumb of the left hand, which penetrated the nail and caused him considerable pain.—The wound was washed with salt and vinegar, and afterwards poulticed, when it healed. Nothing further was thought of the circumstance until Tuesday last, when the boy complained that he felt a strange sensation through the frame, and particularly a numbness in his left hand.

On Wednesday morning he made further complaints and after taking a dose of pills went to his employment, but returned home at noon, when some rhubarb and magnesia were administered.—During the evening he complained of a sore throat, when a physician was called in and the patient's throat bathed with liniment and he had a tolerable night's rest.

On Thursday morning he was worse. He partook of some food, but refused liquid refreshment. He complained that the light hurt his eyes, and that there was a painful compressed feeling in his throat. An emetic was administered, but he could not be prevailed upon to take any thing to wash it down. In the afternoon he became worse, and at half past three o'clock Dr. Barker was called in. He pronounced it a case of Hydrophobia; and intimated to the mother the probable result of the disease.

A foot bath, strongly impregnated with a capicum, and a cataplasm of mustard to the throat, appeared for a while to mitigate the spasms, and to bring on a reaction. At six o'clock, Drs. Barker Gray and Channing saw the patient and advised the application of the spiritus vitae, a remedy which they have cured many cases like in this city. At 9 1/2 o'clock the attending physician, with Dr. Kenedy, found the symptoms getting worse, with little or no hope for the distressed patient, but, notwithstanding advised the continued application of the spiritus vitae, which was very faithfully done by Mr. Jennison, assisted by two other persons till a very short time before his death, about 1 1/2 or 2 o'clock on Friday morning. The Journal of Commerce of this morning contains a long report of this case, from which we have abridged most of the foregoing account, adding some corrections furnished by a medical gentleman who was engaged in the case.

When the young man became sensible of his approaching end, and the cause of it the Journal says he addressed his uncle as follows:—
"I am going to die; the dog that bit me in Maiden Lane is the cause of my death. Oh! uncle if you ever have any children, never let them play with a dog." He shortly became delirious, and imagined that the dog was gnawing him. His whole frame became convulsed with spasms, and in the most frightful and yet pitiful manner, he called on those around him to keep the dog away.

From the Hartford Patriot.

Another Divorce Case.—It will probably be recollected by many of our readers that Mrs. Willard, of Troy, who was for many years at the head of a celebrated and popular Female Seminary in that city, was married about a year since to Dr. Yates of New York, formerly of Albany—a man who had, we believe, obtained some celebrity as a physician, though in low circumstances in pecuniary matters. Soon after the marriage, Mrs. Yates, who had acquired a handsome property while at Troy, made an arrangement to remove to Boston with her husband, for the purpose, as was supposed, of more conveniently superintending the publication of several books of which she is the authoress. Upon their arrival in Boston, a fashionable house was rented, and between four and five thousand dollars taken from the purse of Mrs. Yates to furnish it in good style. She soon discovered, however, that the character and disposition of her husband was the reverse of what she had to expect, and that he was in fact a tyrannical and unprincipled man, and withal an open and hardened infidel and debauchee. As was to be expected, Mrs. Yates soon began to receive from her husband the most unkind treatment and the most marked neglect. With the spirit of forbearance that distinguishes her sex, however, the lady bore in silence the ill usage of her husband, until within a few weeks past, when she came to the conclusion that it was no longer her duty to suffer from and quietly endure his cru-

elty. She has accordingly left "the bed and board" of Dr. Yates, and returned to Troy, with an intention, we understand, of again becoming connected with the Female Seminary of that city—while her husband has not only refused to allow her to remove a single article of the furniture, or her own horse and carriage, all of which were purchased with her own money, but is at this moment boarding at one of the Hotels in Boston upon the avails of these articles, which he is disposing of as he finds his convenience or interest requires. Mrs. Yates on the other hand, has employed a brother-in-law, who is a lawyer residing in Vermont, to go to Boston and institute such proceedings as will secure to her a portion at least of her property. What success her counsel will meet with remains to be seen. The facts contained in the above brief statement of this singular and unfortunate affair, we received from a source entitled to implicit confidence, and therefore have been induced to give them publicity. We do so, however, not with a view to feed a morbid appetite for scandal, but with a desire to protect innocence and virtue from the polluting touch of the unprincipled and degraded.

The Sailor Shipwrecked on Land.—If an honest heart beats in one bosom more warmly than another, it is in that of the brave American Tar. Whether it be the many dangers that beset him on a perilous voyage, or a sense of loneliness while rocked upon the mountain wave, that leads him to cherish and lock up with sacred care his affections and the better feelings of his nature, and keep them untouched by the scenes of office and temptation of which he must often be a witness, certain it is, that the American sailor is more sensitive to wrong, and more keenly touched by misfortune, than any other individual in the world. It may be that his adventurous life, teaching him, as it must, to cling to his shipmates as to his little world—his all—strengthens his nobler and kinder feelings, and warms them into livelier action than the more monotonous and peaceful life of the landsman.

A sailor, who had been long absent on a voyage, came into port the other day and immediately left Boston to visit his friends in Vermont, whom he had left in health a number of years before. Upon his arrival at the spot, the light hearted fellow found that they had all died in his absence. Even the bright eyed girl whom he had left in all her virgin bloom—and to whom he was betrothed—she who year after year had anxiously watched for his return—slept beneath the cold sod of the valley.

He retraced his steps, and when we met him on his return he was seated by the road side weeping like a child. A feeling of loneliness had come over the noble hearted fellow that touched a chord in his bosom which all the loneliness of the ocean could not reach. His home desolate—the cherished of his heart, and the loved of his youth—his affianced bride—the sturdy oak and the lily that blossomed in its shade—gone, all gone forever! The sailor was shipwrecked on land, and the bold heart which had withstood the beating of the surge and the mountain wave—who had braved the perils of the deep in the midnight storm without the trembling of a nerve or the blink of an eye—had now lost sight of his polar star, and wept bitterly at the desolation which had come upon him. Such a man has treasures within his bosom above all price—treasures which are the fruit of a noble nature alone, and can be found embedded in none other than an honest man.—*Claremont Eagle.*

THE POINTS OF THE STRUGGLE

It cannot be clear to every observing man, that the main point of difference between the Administration and the Opposition is on the subject of Executive power,—a division of parties known in England by the division of Tory and Whig. The enlargement of the Executive power is the principal point to which the Executive directs its efforts.

The removal of the public deposits from the United States Bank to put them in the State Banks, condemned by the Whigs, and approved by the Administration Party, was a great stretch of Executive power.

The Sub Treasury scheme for the collection of the Taxes by the agents of the Executive, and to be intrusted in deposit, with these agents, is another yet greater stretch of the Executive Power, for these agents are appointed by the Executive and hold their power at his will. The disguised proposition is to deposit it with him.

The creation of vacancies, to fill them with partisans was the reduction of all Federal patronage to the Executive Will,—and the addition to this power of creating vacancies and filling them at will, of the money power of the Nation, is yet a more fearful stretch of Executive power ever before supported in this Republic.

The appointment of Members of Congress to office is a fortification of the exercise and usurpations of Executive power. The appointment of defeated candidates for popular offices to Executive offices, is in effect not in principle, a bargain, or the influence

of corruption. The case of Mr. Selden, defeated in the Richmond (Va) District before the People, in an effort to get into Congress, and after the defeat appointed by the Executive to be the Treasurer of the United States, is a flagrant case of apparent bargain and apparent purchase, showing the dangerous tendencies of Executive Power. The case of Ely Moore, Surveyor of this Port, is another case of bargain and sale.

The frequent use of that high prerogative of the Executive, the Veto power, was dangerous,—but the practice of pocketing Acts of Congress in order to prevent their being enacted into Laws in spite of the Veto, was a revolutionary exercise of the Executive Power, subversive of the Constitution.

The ejection of Mr. Duane as Secretary of the Treasury, because he would not surrender to the Executive his legal custody of, and responsibility for, the Public money, was a fearful stretch of the Executive Power.

When the framers of the Constitution created the Executive Power, they fortified as well as they could, this plane of the Constitution taken from the cap of the Monarchy, but they did not foresee the growth and magnitude of the resources of the Union, and the Federal Patronage falling upon this One Man Power. They made him for 13 States. He has 26 States. They made him for three millions of People. He has sixteen millions of People. They made him, when Steam Power was but an engine for acting upon matter and upon man. They made him for the disbursement of five or six millions of dollars. He has nearly forty millions. They made him a few hundred subordinate Office Holders. He has 100,000 and over. Advancing as all things have been in our country, the One Man Power has had a velocity of increase, and rolled up a magnitude of proportion beyond any other influence in it.

Now on all these points we, out of the Government, differ with the Party in it. Exercising the patronage of office, they naturally see no danger in it, and as naturally seek to enlarge the power and the emoluments of it. They strive to keep what power they have, and to wrench more from the People, and we seek to give back to the People much of the power they have, and by all means to prevent their having more. These are the points of the struggle.

The Executive Power and the Opposition Power, are almost always the sources of tension between the governing and the governed. They commonly make two great parties every where in civilized countries,—always in liberal governments. The struggle is hot in England now. It is going on in France. It is smothered, but it rages, nevertheless, in all Italy. The same in substance is the struggle in these United States. The Executive has the officer, wants the money. Parties range in a struggle as might be expected; many duped by the assumed mask of popular privileges; the monarchical power many being bought and paid for; more earnestly believing the Executive can manage the Public money better than the opposition can manage their own,—while the poor middling classes, and they who having no other thing know they are better managers of their own affairs than another be for them,—with the mighty host of publicans who distrust all Executive Power range themselves in opposition. It is old strife in short, Whig and Tory; the People vs. the Monarch,—the People vs. the Monarch taking hold.

The working of these antagonistic principles convulses all society. They shake all our business concerns, and will, or the other party prevails. They are of the most powerful principles that work at work in the bosom of society, whose whole currency question is but a small effect of the grand cause.—The Executive the despotism he covets, have what relief it will then be the of despotism to impart. If the People what power they have, not to give back what they have lost, the People can take themselves. What is the struggle, or whether it is for half a century to say.—Hitherto the Executive has prevailed over the Opposition, always been another. But the People are a peculiar People, they are up their privileges and years of popular attention were born R. publicans, and to die so. Their privileges are old, and it is highly probable resolution in company with potism can take them away. Governments are also born Liberty against Executive more they multiply, the will be to break them, hence it is then the popular Constitution. Father of the People, sons of that People, new relations, to be extorted, he joy by